THE WORLD.

Published by the Press Publishing Co.

FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 13.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage).
PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, $3.50.

THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887,

83,389,828.

Average per Day for Entire Year.

228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED:

THE WORLD came under the present proprietorship May 10, 1883.

Year.	Yearly Total.	Daily Average.
1882	8,151,157	22,331
1883	12,235,238	33,541
1884	28,159,785	77,992
1885	51,241,267	140,387
1886	70,126,041	192,126
1887	83,389,828	228,465

Sunday World's Record:

Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was	14,727
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1883 was	24,054
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1884 was	79,985
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1885 was	166,636
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1886 was	234,724
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1887 was	257,267

Amount of White Paper used during the Five Years Ending Dec. 31, 1887:

Year.	Lbs.
1883	1,423,288
1884	4,468,455
1885	8,226,207
1886	12,200,829
1887	15,629,506

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

BOSS PLATT MUST GO.

The verdict against Boss PLATT in the suit of ejectment brought against him to vacate the office of Quarantine Commissioner is a long step towards justice.

The boss can of course appeal the case, but a court and twelve honest men have declared that he has held his office unlawfully for eight years. During five years of this time his incumbency has also been in defiance of the will of the people, as expressed at the polls.

The boss is going this time.

ON EQUAL TERMS.

Why should AUSTIN CORBIN, the representative of combined Capital, refuse to meet on equal terms the representatives of united Labor.

Mr. CORBIN is not acting in his "individual capacity." What right has he to refuse to meet workingmen except in their "individual capacity?" He stands for a great corporation. They stand for a great organization.

So long as Capital combines Labor must unite. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. And if the workingmen do not stand together they will be oppressed separately.

Let the representatives of Capital and Labor meet in man fashion on equal terms.

THEY KNOW HOW IT IS.

There is one good result of the clubbing match on Bleecker street last night between two policemen. These wearers of the blue and wielders of the club will now "know how it is themselves."

Many unoffending or irresponsible citizens have experienced the shocking effects of a clubbing at the hands of drunken or brutal policemen. It is perhaps safe to say that Officers IRVING and MCGUIRE will be less ready to ply their locusts without reason hereafter.

A dose of one's own medicine often has an educative effect.

ACCEPTING THE ISSUE.

The Harlem Democratic Club is outspoken in its praise of President CLEVELAND.

For his wisdom and bravery in confining his recent Message to Congress to a vigorous, statesmanlike and patriotic presentation of the absolute necessity for stopping the accumulation of an enormous surplus in the National Treasury, for stopping taxation beyond the needs of the Government and for an immediate revision of a war tariff wholly unjustified in times of peace.

Some of the banqueting Democrats in this vicinity were apparently afraid of a Democratic issue and a Democratic policy.

The Democratic party will never win by trying to be a little less Republican than the Republicans on the great issue before the country.

MERCY TO CAR HORSES.

The permission given to the street railway companies by the Board of Health to sand their tracks during the winter months is undoubtedly an act of mercy to the horses.

It is pitiful to see the poor beasts try to keep a footing on the smooth stones in freezing weather, and the number of broken legs and bruised knees among them at such times is great.

Of course the sand adds to the dirt in the streets, but a peck more or less on a wagon-load doesn't matter.

Was the EVENING WORLD first on the street to-day with the news of the upsetting of Boss PLATT? Why, of course. It's early extra had the field to itself until its belated contemporaries had time to copy its news.

The wretches who would plot to take the Crown Prince's life when he is stricken with a probably fatal disease, deserve to have a taste of lingering death themselves.

That "faked" interview of the *Evening Ananias* (Mortgaged) with ANNIE SUMMERVILLE, purporting to have been given here before the actress had left Chicago, shows the desperate expedients of a losing enterprise to get "news" cheap.

The burglar who was really found under a bed has been caught and jailed. Ancient maiden ladies of both sexes can now rest in peace.

ROBERT LINCOLN has some of his father's "horse sense." He declines to see a burning issue in "a few rotten old rebel flags."

WHAT COTTON BROKERS SAY.

That Supt. Powers might make a great record as a long-distance pedestrian.

That Jimmy White is the great and only Champagne Charlie of the exchange.

That Papa Jones is a prominent candidate for admission to the Titan Club.

That R. C. Allen is one of the most popular and luckiest traders on the floor.

That John Collins is one of the few real Frenchmen of whom the Exchange can boast.

That Louis Dumoins is one of the greatest authorities of the day on English as she is spoke.

That the sympathy of the Exchange is extended to Abe Munn on account of his loss of voice.

That Broker Yates finds coffee a more lucrative commodity to speculate in just now than cotton.

That jovial Nathan Herrmann, the encyclopædia of the Exchange, is fond of smoking on the floor.

That J. B. Guest, otherwise known as "sparerib," is becoming too fond of uptown Italian dinners.

That Henry Goldthwaite, the plunger, thinks he carries around the future of the cotton market in his pocket.

That Meyer H. Schumann has been more inclined to dissipation than ever since his recent return from the South.

That W. J. Hochstatter, a prominent buyer for the Emperor William, reports encouraging news from the royal family.

That Robert McDougall and Billy Hill are authorities on tobogganing and snow-slides since their recent sojourn in Montreal.

That George Chapman is wisely nicknamed "the little man with the big eyes," because he can look so far and so accurately into the future.

That Sam Hubbard, surnamed the "Weather-strip," was once a stout man, but became reduced in avoirdupois by the heavy pressure of business.

That Harvey Meyer has been wearing an unhappy look since the first of the year because he has not succeeded in finding a hat big enough to fit him.

WORLDLINGS.

Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, is one of the few college graduates not engaged in teaching who keep up their Latin and Greek. He is said to be a man who has an unusual amount of "book learning."

A Birmingham (Ala.) man fired a revolver point blank at a negro's head, but the bullet glanced off, passed through a thick wall and fell to the floor in an adjoining room. The negro escaped with a slight scratch.

It is related of Judge Clementson, of Lancaster, Wis., who is now a candidate for re-election in the Third Judicial Circuit of Wisconsin, that to save time and oblige the lawyers he once held court on a railroad train.

There are only eight unmarried men on the St. Louis police force. Many of the captains are wealthy, and all are well off. Capt. Joseph Hercules, of the Central Station, is worth $50,000, and several others have fortunes ranging from $20,000 to $45,000.

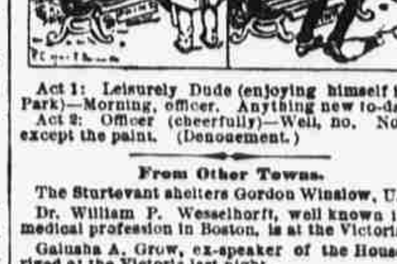
The Postmaster at St. Paul occasionally exhibits to the curious the original St. Paul post-office, from which the citizens of St. Paul received their mail between 1849 and 1849. It is simply a square box containing ten small pigeon-holes and four large ones, and used to occupy a corner in the general store where the first Postmaster was engaged in business.

A Montgomery (Ala.) groceryman, circulated the report that he had found $1,800 in bills hidden away among the cobwebs in a corner of his store and there was considerable interest around town to know who had left it there. After several persons had announced themselves as claimants, he quietly informed them that it was Confederate money, which is practically worthless.

Mr. Charles N. Morris, a Cincinnati merchant, who spends his winters in Florida, has achieved considerable local fame from his perilous voyages in a canoe on Tampa Bay, and also on the Gulf and the Atlantic. At one time he was thrown into the water by the capsizing of the canoe and was attacked by sharks. He had a terrible struggle with the monsters, but was able to keep them off until he could right his canoe.

Now that Daniel Pratt is dead, Mr. Frank Vincent, jr., the author of "The Land of the White Elephant," may very properly be called the great American traveller. Within the last eleven years he has travelled 265,000 miles, and the records of his outings are contained in a dozen pleasant books of adventure and discovery. Mr. Vincent passed through New Orleans on his way to New York from Guatemala a few days ago.

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.



Act 1: Leisurely Dude (enjoying himself in the Park)—Morning, officer. Anything new to-day?
Act 2: Officer (cheerfully)—Well, no. Nothing except the paint. (Denouement.)

From Other Towns.

The Sturtevant shelters Gordon Winslow, U. S. A.

Dr. William P. Wesselhorft, well known in the medical profession in Boston, is at the Victoria.

Galusha A. Grow, ex-speaker of the House, arrived at the Victoria last night.

At the Brunswick are C. Algernon Dougherty, of Rome; Miss Dougherty of Philadelphia, and Jerome Carty, a lawyer of Philadelphia.

Lieut. John P. P. Wisser, U. S. A., is a guest of the Grand.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ritchie, of Quebec and Ensign Mitchell M. Donald, U. S. N., are registered at the Gilsey.

Gen. John Boyle, of St. Louis, occupies a room at the Gilsey.

Booked at the Brunswick are W. D. Beardman, a Toronto coal merchant; A. Ferguson, a prominent lawyer of Ottawa, and Alexander A. Arthur, a well-known resident of Knoxville, Tenn.

Major J. H. Wicks, of Chicago, is stopping at the St. James.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Barry, of Boston, are recent arrivals at the Albemarle.

Staying at the St. James are John Coleman, a Washington lawyer, J. B. Wallace, of Ansonia, Ct., and F. P. Wright, an Albany architect.

Recent arrivals at the Gilsey include J. H. Maxwell, of St. Louis; John Weir, of London; Henry W. Perkins, of Chicago; C. J. Bell, of Washington, and Ernest Pacano, of Quebec.

Charles Price, of the *Electric Review*, is at the Hotel Dam.

Nathan Ford, of St. Paul, and Clarence Chase, of Boston, are at the Union Square Hotel.

Among the recent arrivals at the Morton House are E. S. Hasbrock, of Buffalo, and Bruno Kennett, of Chicago.

Sheridan Shook is down from Albany for a few days, and may be seen about the Morton House.

IKE VAIL.

(Continued from First Page.)

is just to make a good mental memorandum of his appearance, so that when you see him again you'll know him.

"Now, Ike," I said, turning to him, "just have the goodness to walk up and down in front of those officers and let them see what a fine-looking chap you are. 'Tisn't often they see as good-looking a fellow as you."

Vail walked up and down like a general reviewing his troops. He was a cool, game chap and counted on his sharpness to keep him out of range. He looked at the officers with an impudent smile, kind of sneering like.

"Gentlemen," he said, "just take me in. It will be something nice for you to carry in your minds, and when you're lonesome you can comfort yourselves by thinking of me and wondering how I'm enjoying myself."

"Now, just walk up and down once more with your hat off, so they can drop to what a fine-shaped head you've got, Ike," I said to him again.

He took off his hat and walked in a lounging way up and down in front of the line again, meeting the eyes of the men with the same cheeky impudence. When he got through I let him put on his hat, and then said to my squad:

"This man is Ike Vail, the King of the Confidence Men. You've got him in your minds now, those of you that never saw him before, and you're not likely to forget him. Now, whenever you run against him, go for him. He's never around this river-front for any good."

"Captain," he said to me when the men were gone, "you're not going to drop on me. I'm not the kind that you can drop salt on and catch. So don't you let yourself get to feeling too good over the prospect of collaring me—will you?"

"Ike," I said, "I'll look out for my end of the line without counting on your help. I'll drop on you yet. Don't you forget it. And when I do you won't feel so smiling."

I didn't hear anything of Vail for two or three months. With all his brass and coolness he played as cautious a game as if he was afraid of his own shadow. The detectives go in citizen's clothes, and I wear citizen's clothes when I am out on a beat for any particular purpose. The sharps slide off when they see a uniform. They have photographs of the men they have to fear most and pass them round the gang, so they know us even when we are not in uniform, and sometimes it is pretty hard to steal up on them.

But I hadn't forgotten Ike. I felt a good deal of interest in him. He wasn't as ordinary as the bulk of the crew that do thieving work. A confidence man needs a good outside show and the gift of the gab to make his game work. Vail was the king of them all in his looks and the way he talked. He put his words together all right, used good grammar, and could rattle off the blarney like a machine.

One day I walked up along the river front to see if my men were at their posts. It was afternoon, and at the pier of the People's line. I didn't see my man. I was looking up and down the pier when I saw a tall fellow just disappearing down the gangway. It was Ike Vail. I skipped down pretty lively, for I saw him getting in so quickly that I believed he had dropped to me.

I put the men to searching for him, while I kept an eye out to see that he didn't slip off. They couldn't find a trace of him. I told one or two of them to keep an eye out, and began looking through the freight. He was too big a man to escape notice, and as they hadn't seen him I knew he was hiding, and that he must have seen me and shot aboard quick, hoping I wouldn't see him. Sure enough, I found him crowded down behind some bales.

He came out and rubbed off some dust from the sleeve of his coat. I sent for Capt. Rowe. Ike stood by looking as innocent as a dove. He had a choker on and a white cravat, and was dressed in a frock coat with long tails, made out of black cloth. His pants were black, too. He looked for all the world like a Methodist minister whose feelings would be hurt just by thinking of the wickedness there was in the world.

Capt. Rowe was a little man, and when he showed up I pointed to Ike and said:

"Captain, this is one of the worst rogues in New York. He is a thief and a confidence man."

It would have done any one good to see the ook of injured innocence that Ike had on when I made this speech. He looked at me in a kind of sad way and let a sigh, as if he couldn't understand how such a mistake could ever have happened about him.

"Why, Capt. Gastlin, are you sure you haven't made a mistake," said Capt. Rowe, looking at my fine Ike and then at me.

"You take my word for it, Capt. Rowe," I answered. "That innocent look is part of Ike Vail's business."

Just then the Superintendent came by, and I told him that he had better get acquainted with Mr. Vail, as he was a rascal and would work some of the staterooms or passengers some day if they weren't careful.

All the time Vail kept on his mug this calm, injured expression. Oh, he was a dandy and played his cards well.

The Superintendent made the same remark that Capt. Rowe had done. Was I quite sure there might not be a mistake in identity.

Of course I was, and Ike's looking pious and injured till his bones ached only showed what a plum he was, and ripe enough to be picked. I couldn't blame Capt. Rowe and the Superintendent, though, for being taken in. Vail didn't overdo the thing. He looked shocked, and as if it was hard to bear, but that it was all a mistake, and he would take it in a Christian spirit.

Fortunately for me, my detective came along just then. He had been attending to something that he had to look after, and it had called him away for about half an hour.

"Did you ever see this man before? Do you happen to know anything about him?" I asked of the detective.

He had taken in the whole thing in a minute—Vail's distressed look, the kind of questioning expression of Capt. Rowe and of the Superintendent, and of my being there and putting such an inquiry to him.

"Do I know Ike Vail, the King of the Confidence Men? Well, I rather think I do know him. Confound you," he said, turning to Vail, "what did you come around here for when I was away and let the Captain drop onto you. I owe you one for that."

We couldn't convict the rascal of anything, but you can bet that we were not any less anxious to get him in a tight place when we could get a grip on him. This will show what a plausible knave he was, and how easy he could pass himself off on a person as a good, simple-minded, respectable man.

"Capt. Gastlin," said the Superintendent to me afterwards, "I felt certain that you had made a mistake in your man. I thought he was a parson."

"So did I," said Capt. Rowe.

Well, King Ike laid pretty low again for some time. He was wary and didn't run in the way of getting a pair of handcuffs on him by not keeping his wits about him. But my time came, and helped to make up for the way he had been keeping shy and worrying me.

One day an old gentleman of quite a good appearance came to me in a great flurry and looking pretty sheepish. He was mad enough, though.

(Part II. To-Morrow.)

WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Views of East-Side Retail Dealers on the State of Trade.

In the side streets an EVENING WORLD's representative finds many "holes in the wall" where poor people sell groceries, provisions, coal and the like to people still poorer than themselves. These groceries are small, and usually the family of the grocer lives in rooms partitioned off in the rear, or rather, the store is usually what was intended for the "parlor" or best room of the house.

These stores are kept principally by men who have some infirmity which prevents them from doing hard work, or the store is run by the wife of a mechanic or day worker.

James Isham, of 235 East Twenty-sixth street, finds nothing to grumble about in his business. He sells milk and handles other groceries in a small way. He dealt in red-ash coal until the retailer of whom he bought his supply made the price $7 a ton and knocked every penny of profit out of it.

William Kramer, of 214 East Twenty-sixth street, finds that his trade bears a fair comparison with that of last year at this time. He sells German delicacies, cooked meats, German cheeses, sauerkraut and cakes, and his store wears a look of prosperity.

Canil Deloco, of 225 East Twenty-fifth street, has for his customers the working people of the block between Second and Third avenues. His daughter, a pretty, black-eyed miss of the purely Italian type, responded to the queries of the reporter in a sweet, pleasant voice and manner. She said: "Business is very dull just now. People have not much work. Then on the side streets one gets no transient trade at all. Travel is up and down the avenues, and then, too, people prefer to go into the avenue to trade any way."

J. Witte, of 226 East Twenty-fifth street, has been established in the grocery business there for many years, and his business is a prosperous one. His store is chock-full of goods, and his customers are from all classes, and business does not vary much in bulk.

Michael Heck, of 239 East Twenty-sixth street, does a quiet, small business with the poorer inhabitants of the block. He sells a little of everything. He says that his customers are very poor, many of them buying very small quantities of everything and counting their pennies closely. "They have to, for they have not many pennies," said the old gentleman with a rueful smile. "A pail of coal is made to go a great way, and every coal is counted."

Andrew Zaleha, of 241 East Twenty-fourth street, sells all manner of groceries and provisions, and his wife is his saleswoman. He is a cabinet-maker, and between his grocery and work done at his trade the wolf is kept from the door. Mrs. Zaleha says of trade: "We can't brag of it. It is nothing extra. Most of our customers are working people and they pay for what they get, though they don't get much. We sell coal and—and a little of everything. We sell coal by the pail at nine cents. Scuttles vary in size and price, 12 cents being for the largest scuttles. Coal is so dear to us that we can't make anything out of it."

Carl Helms, grocer, of 212 East Twenty-second street, sells everything in the line in a small way, but when the reporter called he was suffering from an attack of rheumatism, and asked to be excused from a discussion of business, as he warmed his feet at the glowing stove in the little store.

Fred. Hoops is only just arranging a brand-new and quite extensive stock of groceries in his neat little store at 201 East Twentieth street, and has no means as yet of knowing what is the state of trade or the condition of the poor people who may come among his customers.

Every scholar in the public schools, and every parent of a scholar, will be interested in the Roll of Honor to be published in to-morrow's EVENING WORLD.

LODGINGS FOR LEGISLATORS.

Beautiful Housekeeping Plans of a Quintet at Albany This Winter.

A majority of the city Senators and Assemblymen have contracted for rooms and board at the Delavan House, Albany, during the session of the Legislature. If two legislators bunk in the same room they pay $50 each a month with the understanding that they will be in New York on Saturdays and Sundays.

Several local representatives have hired lodgings on the quiet streets of the capital and will feed at restaurants.

Senators Jacob A. Cantor and Charles A. Stadler, and Assemblyman Nicholas O'Connor, of the Twenty-third District, have hired a furnished house on Madison avenue, within a few blocks of the big Capitol. Assemblymen Sheehan, of Erie, and Brush, of Chemung, have joined this combination and will help pay the rent and other expenses.

These five statesmen are to keep house during the session. They have hired two good looking female cooks, a homely chambermaid and a negro boy to answer the door-bell. A fine stock of groceries has been laid in for the winter and a neighboring butcher has decided to open an account with the legislative quintet. A sideboard has been stocked with champagnes, whiskey, brandies, light wines, beer and cigars.

Breakfast is to be served at 9 A. M., luncheon at 2 P. M. and dinner at 7 P. M. Each member of the housekeeping combination is entitled to have three guests at dinner each week.

For the purpose of encouraging the early retirement of the legislative housekeepers no night keys will be allowed, and the front door is to be barred at 11 o'clock every night.

The following well-known feeders have been left off the list of legislators entitled to invitations to dinner: Edward P. Hagan, Daniel Finn, Solomon Rosenthal and Jeremiah Hayes.

Hard of Hearing.
[From Texas Siftings.]

Ole man Comstock, who is upward of ninety, was walking down Austin avenue, when he met two young men, who stopped to talk with him. They found it very difficult to converse with him, as he was hard of hearing. As they passed down the street one of them remarked:

"His last hour will soon strike."

"I dare say it struck long ago, but he is so cussed deaf he never heard it."

A Desperate Case.
[From the Chicago Tribune.]

"I have nothing to say to you, sir," said the man in the prisoner's cell to the clergyman who had called to offer consolation. "I am entirely in the hands of my attorney."

"May heaven help you, my friend," said the minister, with deep feeling, as he turned to go.

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD.

GIRLS WHO STRIP TOBACCO FOR LESS THAN 50 CENTS A DAY.

Working in Stifling Rooms Until Everything They Touch Seems Made of Tobacco—Fined Half a Day's Pay for Speaking While at Work—A Young Girl Describes the Daily Routine of Her Life.

There are very few persons in this city who can form an adequate idea of the great struggle for food and raiment which the large army of female wage-workers, from the mere child of six years to the poor and worn-out woman of fifty, are driven to by force of circumstances and the social status of affairs.

THE EVENING WORLD has endeavored to portray the life and labor of women and young girls in various vocations, and the good results produced by its efforts are already demonstrated in the weekly meetings in Pythagoras Hall and in the inauguration of a series of meetings under the auspices of the American Federation of Labor, the first of which is to be held on Friday evening in Clarendon Hall.

But not only have the great labor organizations been aroused to a sense of the poor condition of the female wage slaves of New York, but that all-powerful factor, the public, has been touched with the portrayal of the hard and sad life of an industrial portion of itself until its sympathy is so fully aroused that the mention of a single case of destitution or misfortune in the columns of THE WORLD brings forth the most generous responses, and shows conclusively that

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

In his search for facts regarding this struggle for a poor existence, an EVENING WORLD reporter inquired into the condition of the 6,000 young girls who are engaged in stripping tobacco in the large cigar factories and in the tenement-house rooms where whole families are employed in the work of stripping tobacco and making cigars.

Girls whose ages range from ten to sixteen years are employed in stripping tobacco in the factories, and they are of Italian, German and Irish descent, with a good sprinkling of Bohemians and Hungarians in the tenement-houses. The average wages of a girl in these factories is about 40 cents a day.

The tobacco is given to them in a bunch, or carat, as it is called, and the rules are so strict that the girls are not allowed to speak during working hours. The hours are from 7.30 A. M. to 5.30 P. M., with a half-hour in some factories for lunch and one hour in others.

In the manufactories where Cubans and Spaniards are employed in this city in making cigars from Havana tobacco, men are employed in doing the stripping at 10 and 12 cents a carat, while the rate paid to the young girls in the domestic factories is about three cents a pound, or carat.

In one factory in Avenue D the reporter observed that the girls were wan and pale and unhealthy in appearance, while their garments were thin and well worn and not warm enough to keep the wearers comfortable in an atmosphere like that of yesterday. Just after the close of work in a factory in First avenue the reporter saw thirty little girls leave the place at 5.30 o'clock last evening, and selecting a group of four he approached them and engaged them in conversation.

One was a bright-eyed but slender child of thirteen years, a brunette, clad in a dress of some light material, a black straw hat that looked as if it had done service for a year or more, and a pair of shoes with holes in the toes. The others were younger in years and as poorly dressed as the little brunette, who eyed the reporter suspiciously when he ventured to broach the subject of work and wages.

"Oh, I'll bet you are a reporter," she declared. "Now, don't give us away, for if you do the boss will sack every one of us."

When she was assured that she would not be "given away," she continued: "I live in First avenue, near Fortieth street, with my mother. Father died a year ago, and I had to go to work to help my ma along. He was a cigar-maker and we did not have to work while he lived. I can make 50 cents a day if I work steadily, but I tell you the smell of the tobacco is sickening. It took me a long time to get used to it, and several times I got so sick I had to get excused and go home.

"The bosses are very strict with us. If we talk or laugh we are warned and sometimes fined 25 cents for a second offense. See my hands, how they are stained from the tobacco. I have got so that I smell tobacco on everything. My clothes are always saturated with the strong smell, and it seems to me as if I could never get rid of it. I cannot bear it, but most of the girls seem to stand it.

"A few whom I know smoke cigarettes on the sly, and I think it is because they are always around tobacco that they get into the habit. I know some girls who seldom get any new clothes and who have to give their mothers every cent they earn. All they get is the plainest food. My mother is good to me and I have a nice dress for Sundays.

"An older brother, who works downtown in a store and gets $12 a week, takes care of ma and I, and what I get helps along. We live in three rooms and pay $12 a month.

"It's awful mean and dirty work stripping tobacco, and I wish I could get something else to do. But I must do it for a while longer. I am not near as bad off as some of the girls in our shop, but there is not one who would not be glad to get something more agreeable to do.

"We have rather poor conveniences in our workroom, but I hear from the girls that they are worse in some of the factories. I must get home now, for ma is waiting for me and I don't like to be late." And the little one tripped away towards her home along with her companions.

SKITS.

[From Judge.]

It may be said of a hatter, however small may be his ambition, that he is generally making himself felt.

Dyspeptics, according to a newspaper heading, "may now take heart." That is not what is needed. What they want is to take stomach.

A climate that can give us a zero thermometer and within twelve hours a soaking rain fourteen hours long is not to be sneezed at; or, on second thought, perhaps it is.

A reporter has visited Rome to find that Jacob Sharp is a good and honest man. He is perhaps a conscientious reporter; but he found it necessary when in Rome to think as Romans think.

Mr. Bulcombe—Tell me, Harold, if you hear any compliments about me from your sister Emily.

Harold—Oh, yes; she said the other day that she didn't think you'd ever set an iceberg on fire.

Mr. Bulcombe—Of course I couldn't; she knows just where to find me there.

"There is more real pleasure in giving than in receiving," said a young mother to her boy, trying to instil into his mind generous sentiments.

"True, dear mamma; so I think when you box my ears."

"Uncle George," said Sue, "may I have a piece of this mahogany veneer?" Uncle George was in the furniture trade.

"Certainly, my dear," replied Uncle George; "you may keep it as a Sue-veneer of your visit."

Two young writers were talking of their hopes, their ambitions.

"If I have not made a reputation by the time I'm thirty I shall blow my brains out," asserted one.

"My dear boy," replied the other, "you are as good as dead."

Visitor (to convict)—"I suppose you have many a sad hour within these walls?"

Convict—"Yes, mum; many."

Visitor—"What do you find hardest to bear?"

Convict—Speculation, mum, on the part of visitors as to whether or not I'm a boodle Alderman."

Obviously a Slander.
[From the Jacksonville News-Herald.]

It is said that burglars in Boston have become so enterprising that "not a volume of Greek or Latin is left in the proud homes of the Hub." Boston is safe in one particular—her girls are not likely to lose any kisses by theft. A remarkable fact about them is that stolen kisses are unknown among them—they are only too glad to give them away.

THE PEOPLE'S LETTER BOX.

Every-Day Topics of Interest to Readers of "The Evening World."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

We ought, of course, to have better rapid transit in this city, but it seems to me that it is possible for the people themselves to take better advantage of the present facilities than they do. While the Sixth and Third avenue roads are always overcrowded, the Ninth and Second avenue lines have plenty of room to spare. Why are they not used more freely? A walk of a few blocks across town in the morning or evening would benefit, not injure, the thousands of sedentary workers who now pack themselves like sardines in the cars of the central lines. NEW YORKER.

Jan. 10.

Pouring in More Water.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The attempt of the Manhattan Railroad managers to pour a lot more water into their already bloated stock ought to be resisted, not only by the stockholders, but by the public and the legislators. Gov. Hill's recommendation for a law against stock-watering should bear immediate fruit. The more the "L" stock is watered the bigger the dividends will have to be, the closer the economy of administration and the poorer the provisions for public safety and convenience. New York should wake up to the danger of this scheme. P. M.

Jan. 10.

That Disputed Glory.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I see an article in THE EVENING WORLD in which a sailor on the Boston claims that they were first to notify the yard authorities of the fire. They were not. A "cop" at the main gate was the first to ring in the alarm for the yard engines, also to notify the captain of the yard. Where were the gallant sailors then? Sound asleep in their hammocks, until awakened by the beat of the drum to quarters. He also claims that the marines were useless. I wish to rectify that mistake by saying that they were there to keep order, and order they did keep; also that they were first at the fire—nine minutes before the sailors.

CHARLES M. SMALLE, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Marine Barracks, Jan. 10.

Mr. Archibald Explains.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In your issue of to-day you publish a report of a meeting held in the Twenty-second Assembly District of the United Labor party. Your report is somewhat incorrect. The true facts are as follows:

Mr. O'Dair, the then Chairman; Mr. John Doyle and James P. Archibald were nominated for the office of Chairman for 1888. On the informal ballot Mr. O'Dair received 27, Mr. Doyle 19, Mr. Archibald 15 votes. Mr. Archibald then retired in favor of Mr. Doyle and requested his friends to vote for Mr. Doyle, which they kindly did.

At 11 P. M. the meeting adjourned, during which the utmost courtesy and harmony prevailed.

I am sorry to trouble you with this communication, but I believe you desire to report impartially all around.

By inserting above you will much oblige, yours very truly, JAMES P. ARCHIBALD,
Delegate County General Committee United Labor party 1888.
1447 Third avenue, Jan. 11.

NEIL BRYANT IS ALL RIGHT.

If He is Missed from Irving Hall, Congressman Tim Takes Care of Him.

The leaders of Irving Hall have been feeling uneasy about the mysterious disappearance of Neil Bryant, for years a shining light in that organization and a frequenter of the Seymour Club.

He has been missed from his haunts for nearly two months, and various have been the comments on his continued absence.

"I fear," said ex-Commissioner Haughton, "that he has gone over to the County Democracy and is ashamed to show up among his old friends."

"You know," said Mr. John Jay Matthews, "that he is the brother of the late Dan Bryant, the minstrel, and he used to perform with the famous Bryant Minstrels. He left the burnt-cork profession to go into politics. Maybe he has changed his mind and blackened up again."

"I would give $25 to know what has become of Neil Bryant," exclaimed ex-Assemblyman Peter F. Murray. "He dropped out of sight so suddenly and no one seems to know his whereabouts."

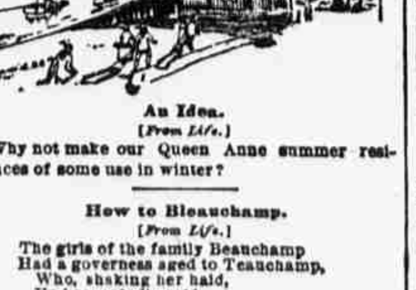
The following despatch, just received from Washington, should allay the anxiety of Mr. Bryant's friends:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—The missing Neil Bryant, the Irving Hall politician, is in this city. He is well and hearty and says he is in no hurry to return to New York.

He got tired depending upon the Irving Hall bosses for a position and walked all the way to the capital. Congressman Timothy J. Campbell introduced him to the Chief of the Coast Survey as a brother of William Cullen Bryant, the poet.

Neil Bryant was next day appointed to a place in the Coast Survey at $1,500 a year.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.



An Idea.
[From Life.]

Why not make our Queen Anne summer residences of some use in winter?

How to Bleauchamp.
[From Life.]

The girls of the family Beauchamp
Had a governess aged to Teauchamp,
Who, shaking her haid,
Had repeatedly said
That nothing but flogging would Beauchamp.

He Did Not.
[From the Detroit Free Press.]

"Bub, did you find a quarter here?" he asked of a little chap leaning against a lamp post at the post-office corner.

"Naw! Did you drop one?"

"I think I did."

"Well, you orter know I didn't find it. If I had I'd have been a mile off by this time. Us boys never take chances of the owner coming back."

Packed in Cork.
[From Judge.]

"Why is it," asked a man of a fruit-dealer, "that Malaga grapes all come by the way of Ireland?"

"I never heard that they did," answered the fruit-dealer. "They're raised in Malaga."

"Yes, but they're packed in Cork, aren't they?"

They Are Friends No More.
[From Punch.]

Miss Braithwaite (proudly watching her Henri skating)—Oh, Henri is such a divine skater! He's an artist!

(Henri turns a double somersault and lights on his head, splitting the ice.)

Miss Cadwallader (placidly)—Ah, yes, I see. He belongs to the impressionist school.

The Case Stated.
[From the Omaha World.]

Omaha Dame—Oh, yes, you can growl fast enough. You forget that while men get through their labors at certain hours every day, a woman's work is never done.

Husband—That's just what I'm growling about.

TIES OF A LIFETIME RENT.

THE QUARREL OF THE LYDDY BROTHERS BEFORE DANIEL R.'S DEATH.

A Letter in Which the Dead Man Says He Was Forced to Separate from His Brothers by Their Actions—New Developments in the Will Case—Dr. Walton Pronounces the Testator Sane.

New elements have been introduced in the will case of the Lyddy brothers against Mme. Connelly, the modiste and widow of Daniel R. Lyddy. The latter left all his estate to his wife, and his brothers oppose the probate of the will, charging that he was not in his right mind when he signed the will and also that it is not genuine.

Mr. William J. Lardner, counsel for the widow, has retained as associate counsel Frederic R. Coudert and Col. George Bliss. Surrogate Ransom has adjourned the case until Jan. 26, and has refused the motion of the Lyddy brothers, James M. Lyddy, William M. Lyddy and John H. Lyddy, to strike out new affidavits submitted by Mr. Lardner.

The affidavits are signed by the widow and include the following letter written by the late Daniel R. Lyddy to the Rev. Father T. P. Hodnett, of Chicago:

MILLS BUILDING, BROAD STREET, NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 8, 1887.

My Dear Father Hodnett:

Since the receipt of your several favors, that I know you will excuse my tardy acknowledgment for, I am, to speak frankly, a good deal of a very much annoyed and exasperated man.

I have had some friction for a period with James, William and John, and it has resulted in compelling me to go to other quarters; hence I am now professionally quartered at the address at the head of this letter, opposite the Stock Exchange and about a thousand feet from the United States Sub-Treasury in Wall street.

Of course, a man of my affectionate nature does not lightly rend ties of a lifetime with my own flesh and blood, and the wounds of the rupture are still raw and bleeding, but I was forced to this course by actions that involved the violation of every religious obligation and every social duty.

I got your remittance of check for $100 that I gave to John P. H. in sums of $50, $25 and $25, as it seemed most serviceable to him. I am well aware it did him good and saved him from much suffering; but so far as producing any change of heart, it was throwing pearls to swine. Every mail brings me some insulting note because neither you nor I can appreciate him at his own estimate. God knows, it is a queer world and full of queer people. As for me, even my kindnesses come back as enemies to plague me.

I don't know, Tom, what you know or what you think of my relatives, but I think you will be as much surprised as I was to find myself charged with ingratitude(?) to these illustrious gentlemen for whom I had never done anything, and whilst for me they have made vast sacrifices(?); nay, devoted their whole lives, fortunes and honors to me.

If I am asleep, then I have a most damnable nightmare; if I am awake, then I am the most unlucky of men in my kinsmen. Your faithful friend,

DANIEL R. LYDDY.

After Daniel R. Lyddy's quarrel with his brothers, which is alluded to in the letter, he gave the following order to his man-servant:

AUG. 12, 1887.

JOHN: Go down to the Potter Building, and in the main hall on the street level find the bulletin and erase my name wherever it appears. Use turpentine and a piece of cloth, and carefully obliterate "Daniel R. Lyddy." This is your authority.

DANIEL R. LYDDY, 331 Fifth avenue.

The brothers, in their petition to the Surrogate, say that their departed brother was bound to them by the strongest of ties, and James M. Lyddy has shed tears in the Surrogate's Court since the case has been pending.

Dr. Louis P. Walton makes affidavit to the effect that he attended the late Daniel R. Lyddy, and had Dr. Loomis and Dr. Janeway as consulting physicians. He makes oath that Mr. Lyddy, during his illness, was capable of attending to any business transaction, so far as his mental condition was concerned, up to a few hours of his death.

Capt. Anthony Allaire, formerly of the Eldridge street station and now of the Broadway Squad, has written for THE EVENING WORLD *on Monday a remarkable story, entitled "Sam Lee's Creese."*

GOOD-BY "THIRD HOUSE."

Their Place of Meeting Wanted by the Judges of the City Court.

The ex-Senators, ex-Aldermen, ex-Assemblymen and ex-officials generally who meet daily in the library at the City Hall to discuss the tariff question and the sanitary condition of the dog pound are in a high state of excitement.

At the last session of the new Board of Aldermen a petition was received from the judges of the City Court asking for the use of the city library room. The judges say that they are in need of accommodations, as they have no place to consult in. The petition was referred to the Law Committee.

If the Aldermen grant the prayer of the judges the "Third House" will have no place to hold sessions.